

KING HENRY VIII.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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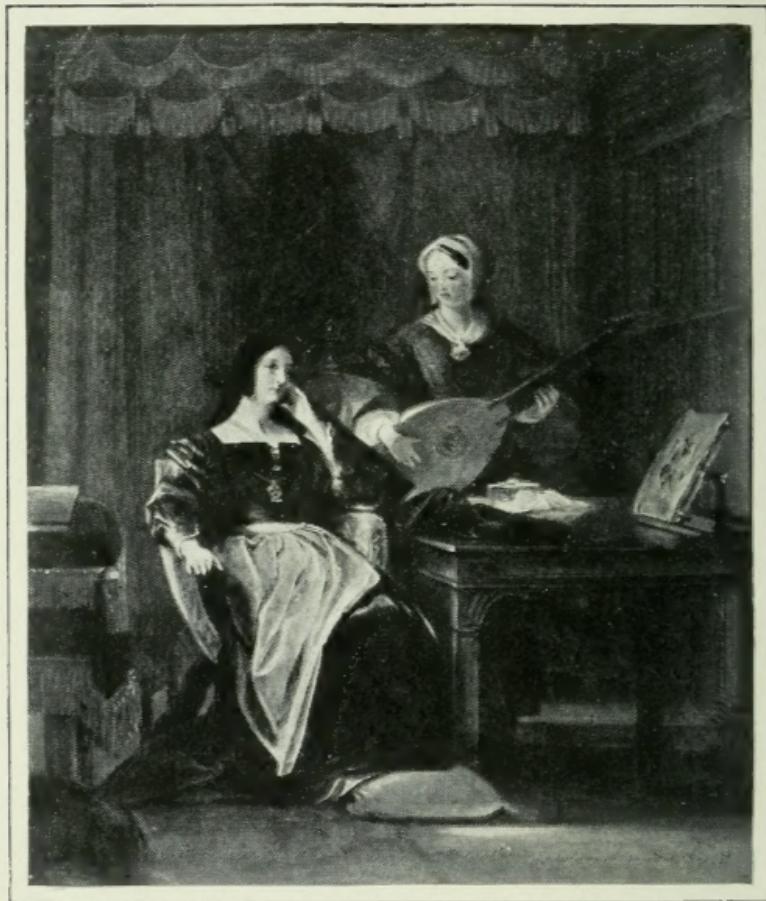
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KING HENRY VIII.

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QUEEN KATHARINE AND PATIENCE.

King Henry VIII., Act III., Scene 1.

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in the Sheepshanks Collection,
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KING HENRY VIII.

BY

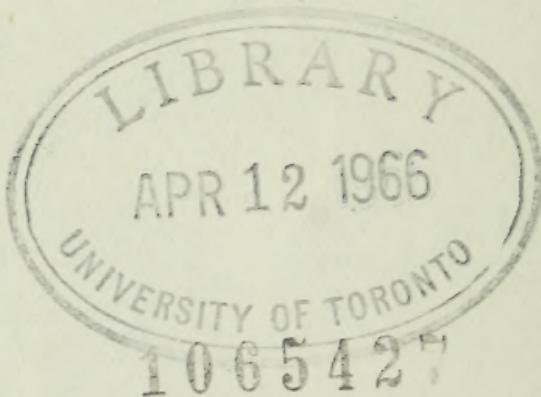
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

With an Introduction by

HENRY MORLEY

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INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE'S play of *King Henry VIII.* was first printed in the folio of 1623. On the 12th of February, 1604 (New style, 1605), there is this memorandum in the books of the Stationers' Company :

“ Nath. Butter.] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print yt, and then procure the Wardens' hand to yt for the entrance of yt, he is to have the same for his copy.”

This shows that there was felt to be some risk of official interference with a play that dealt with the royalty of England in critical times not yet beyond the touch of living memory. A man of seventy-five in February, 1605, was a youth of seventeen when Henry VIII. died, but he would only have been a child of three in the year of the christening of Elizabeth, with which Shakespeare closed his play. The “good allowance” was obtained; for Nathaniel Butter did publish in that year (1605) —with a woodcut of Henry VIII. upon its title-

page—a play of King Henry VIII., called, ‘When you See me, you Know me; or, the famous Chronicle Historie of King Henrie the Eight, with the berth and vertuous life of Edward Prince of Wales. As it was playd by the high and mightie Prince of Wales his servants.’ It is clear, therefore, that the entry made in February, 1605, referred to this play, which was by Samuel Rowley, and which was printed again for Nathaniel Butter in 1613 and in 1621, and of which there was a fourth edition in 1632. Thus there were three editions of Samuel Rowley’s play before the first printing of Shakespeare’s in the first folio. It is an artless play, in which the young Prince Edward and Will Summers, the King’s jester, are much dwelt upon ; there are two fools to delight the audience, for Wolsey’s fool, Patch, is another of the persons of the comedy. It might even be said that there are three fools, his boisterous Majesty, King Henry VIII., being the third.

What evidence is there, then, as to the time when Shakespeare wrote his play of *King Henry the Eighth!* None. On the 29th of June, 1613, the old Globe Theatre was burnt down, about twenty years after its first erection, by the firing of the thatched roof over its stage during the performance of a play clearly identified by Sir Henry Wotton’s description of it, and by references to it

in a ballad of the time upon “The Lamentable Burning of the Globe Play-house on Saint Peter’s Day.” We learn that the discharge of chambers referred to was that in the fourth Scene of the First Act when, during Wolsey’s banquet at York House, the King is supposed to be landing without, and the stage direction is “Drum and Trumpet. Chambers discharged.” Chambers were shallow bombs, of little or no use for discharging shot, but used for firing powder on occasions of rejoicing. The old Globe was a summer theatre, open to the sky, but over the stage there was a thatched roofing to protect the actors and contribute to the framing of the groups they formed. Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on the 2nd of July, said, “Now to let matters of state sleep; I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this week at the Bank-side. The King’s players had a new play, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like: sufficient in truth, within a while, to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey’s house,

and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within an hour, the whole house to the very grounds. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."

Here, then, is clear identification of the scene in Shakespeare's play which gave occasion to the firing of the thatch. There is allusion in the ballad to the trial of Queen Katharine. This, with the omission of two verses that can well be spared, was the ballad written on occasion of

"THE LAMENTABLE BURNING OF THE GLOBE
PLAY-HOUSE ON S. PETER'S DAY.

"Now, set thee down, Melpomene,
Wrapp'd in a coal-black robe,
And tell the doleful tragedy
Late playéd at the Globe ;
Where all men that could sing or say
Were scarr'd upon S. Peter's day.
O, sorrow ! O, pitiful sorrow !
And yet it All is True.

" All you that please to understand,
 Come listen to my story,
 And see Death with his rake-hell brand
 Amongst the auditory ;
 Regarding neither Cardinal's state,
 Nor bearded face of Henry the Eight.
 O, sorrow ! &c.

" This fearful fire began above
 By firing chambers two ;
 And to the stage did soon remove,
 And burn'd th' apparel new :
 Consuming every garish rag,
 Not sparing even the silken flag.
 O, sorrow ! &c.

" Away ran knights, away ran lords,
 Away ran Burbage too :
 Some lost their hats, their cloaks and swords,
 For there was such ado.
 Old Tooley, careful of his bundle,
 Was forc'd to fly with Harry Cundell.
 O, sorrow ! &c.

" Away ran poets, eight or nine,
 Who would take no denial ;
 Away ran Lady Katharine,
 Nor waited out her trial.
 Such trial was not in her part ;
 Escape was all she had at heart.
 O, sorrow ! &c.

" Then periwigs and drum-heads fry,
 And blaze like butter firkin ;
 Coal-black was presently the dye
 Of many a good buff jerkin.

While with swell'd lips, like drunken Fleming,
Distraught and sad stood stuttering Hemming.

O, sorrow ! &c.

“ Go, poets, and prepare petitions,
And through all London beg :
To the Lord Mayor now make submission,
And fawn, and make a leg.
Take heed you be not too too witty,
Or you'll get nothing in the City.
O, sorrow ! O, pitiful sorrow !
And yet it All is True.”

A letter from John Chamberlain, dated the 8th of July, said, “ The burning of the Globe, or play-house, on the Bankside on St. Peter's Day, cannot escape you ; which fell out by a peal of chambers that, I know not on what occasion, were to be used in the play—the tampin or stopple of one of them, lighting in the thatch that covered the house, burnt it to the ground in less than two hours, with a dwelling-house adjoining, and it was a great marvel and fair grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out.”

Ben Jonson was perhaps among those who escaped, for he may speak literally and not only with poetic vision, when he says in his “ Execration to Vulcan,” upon the burning of his own

Library, that he “saw” also this one among the fiery god’s misdeeds.

“But O, those reeds ! Thy mere disdain of them
Made thee beget that cruel stratagem,
Which some are pleased to style but thy mad prank,
Against the Globe, the glory of the Bank ;
Which, though it were the fort of the whole parish,
Flanked with a ditch, and forced out of a marish,
I saw with two poor chambers taken in,
And razed, ere thought could urge, ‘This might have
been.’ ”

Another account of the burning of the Globe Theatre is in the edition of Stow’s “Annales” (first published in 1580), that appeared, “continued and augmented by Edmond Howes,” in 1615. Howes writes of 1613 : “Also upon St. Peter’s Day last the playhouse or theatre, called the Globe, upon the Bankside, near London, by negligent discharging of a piece of ordnance close to the south side thereof the thatch took fire, and the wind suddenly dispersed the flame round about, and in a very short space the whole building was quite consumed, and no man hurt ; the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz., of *Henry the Eighth* : and the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner than before.”

Shakespeare, at the time of the burning of the Globe, had entered his fiftieth year, and had lately

retired to Stratford. He died only three years afterwards at the age of fifty-two. Sir Henry Wotton speaks of *All is True* as a new play, but he writes as one who has no great interest in the stage. He was not yet made Provost of Eton, but was much employed in missions to Germany and Italy; and it was he who had then lately described an ambassador as “a good man sent to lie abroad for the sake of his country.” The seventeen-year-old Princess Elizabeth had been married on the 14th of February in that year (1613) to the seventeen-year-old Elector Palatine. There had been pomp, masques and plays. They had left England on the 25th of April. The MS. Register of Lord Harrington, King James’s treasurer of the chambers, shows that they had seen several of Shakespeare’s plays acted under altered names: Part I. of *Henry IV.* as *Hotspur*, Part II. as *Sir John Falstaff*, *Much Ado about Nothing* as *Benedict and Beatrice*, *Julius Cæsar* as *Cæsar’s Tragedy*. A new name for *King Henry VIII.* (*All is True*) might be enough to lead Sir Henry Wotton to the belief that it was a new play.

If really new in 1613, *King Henry VIII.* was probably the last play written by Shakespeare. I am disposed to agree with Johnson, Steevens and Malone in thinking that it was written towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth; but this is not

proved, as they suppose it to be proved, by showing good reason for belief that the references to James I. in the prophecy of Cranmer at the close of the play are interpolations. The reign of James was outside the conception of the poet; but the reign of Elizabeth had close and direct relation to it. If Shakespeare wrote the play in 1612, James would have occurred to him then as little as in 1601 or 1602. But in 1613 the King's Players thought they saw good opportunity for paying compliments to James the First, and got their compliment so clumsily inserted that King James follows Elizabeth before Elizabeth's death is looked forward to as inevitable, and the death of Elizabeth appears as something that will happen after the accession of James. That there is interpolation I have not a doubt; but I suspect that one part of the change consisted in a transference to James of some lines written by Shakespeare of Elizabeth, by simply writing "he" for "she." Raleigh's fair dream, that was not all a dream, of another England far across the seas, of which Virginia should be the first and fairest province, was an association with Elizabeth's reign that admitted of easy transfer to James, who gave letters patent to a London company that settled colonists on the James River and founded James Town in 1607. But Elizabeth, inspired by Raleigh and by the achievements

of her mariners, first gave her heart to the conception of a greater England with realms beyond the sea that should open sources of wealth like those which had added to the power of Spain. She gave its name to Virginia, and heaped wealth upon Raleigh, that he spent in furnishing his costly expeditions ; she granted patents in 1585 to private adventurers who sought to trade with Barbary, in 1588 to adventurers who sought to establish trade in Guinea, in 1592 to adventurers to the south of Sierra Leone. That aim of hers had a just place in Cranmer's prophecy, of which the latter part would read thus, when cleared of the intruded reference to James :—

“ Truth shall nurse her.

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be loved and feared : her own shall bless her.
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with
her :

In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by these claim their greatness, not by blood.
Wherever the bright sun of Heaven shall shine,
Her honour and the greatness of her name
Shall be, and make new nations. She shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach her branches

To all the plains about her : our children's children
Shall see this and bless Heaven.

K. Henry. Thou speakest wonders.

Cranmer. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Henry. O, Lord Archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get anything :
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker."

By what conceivable sequence of ideas could any poet, good or bad, have thrust King James the First into the very middle of this passage ? The birth of Elizabeth, her labour towards Peace and Reformation, were the direct outcome of the wild tossing of human fortunes which has been shown in the substance of the play. There is a picture of the instability of earthly glory, the rising and the breaking of the waves of fortune ; but it is not to leave the mind impressed with a vague sense of human life as a wild sea on which the just and unjust battle with the waves, or sink beneath them, with hope that looks only to some other world than this. The last thought is of God's

Providence directing all. Out of the fitful passions of the King there came the child through whom the nation was to rise hereafter to a higher life. It is another way of showing the truth spoken in the close of *Hamlet* :—

“ There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.”

But only Elizabeth belonged to the play as the good come out of evil, blessing born of the events that seemed a curse upon the lives of men. The whole prophecy at her baptism is the fit close to the poem, in faith that

“ All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the end.”

James the First can have no poetical relation to the play, for he is no outcome of its events. He has, from the poet’s point of view, no more right than the Grand Turk to a place in Cranmer’s prophecy. This is equally true, whether the play were written in 1602 or in 1612, under Elizabeth or under James. No argument against the later date of the play can be drawn, therefore, from this interpolation.

Argument for the later date has been drawn, not unreasonably, from the versification. Our first

blank verse was written in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. by the Earl of Surrey. It was imitated from an Italian unrhymed measure, at a time when various forms of unrhymed verse were being tried in Italy ; and it consisted of ten syllables of iambic measure, every second syllable being accented, as in this line :—

“The gráét | est móń | arch nów | alíve | may glór | y.”

Here there is a vowel over. In Italian that was not easily avoidable, because a large number of words in Italian end with unaccented vowels. The Italian verse which Surrey imitated did therefore close with that weak eleventh syllable. Surrey dropped it because most English words have lost their final vowels, and so his blank verse was tensyllabled, as in this line :—

“His róy | al sélf | in júdg | ment cómes | to heár.”

Our earliest blank verse took few liberties with the accent, kept to its ten syllables, and usually brought a clause or sentence to its close at the closing of a line of verse. It was Marlowe who turned altogether from the use of rhyme in plays, and with a vigorous genius not only preferred blank verse but, about the year 1586, began the development of its great powers of poetical expression. The career of Marlowe as a dramatist extended

over seven years. During the greater part of this time Shakespeare was a beginner among the players, observing them and strengthening in power. At the close of those seven years he had become an original dramatist ; using blank verse at first with no more freedom in changes of accent, in the use of eleventh syllables, in the running of sentences over the ends of lines, and making skilful breaks within the lines, than he had learnt of Marlowe. But gradually the powers of blank verse grew under his hand. He made freer use of unaccented eleventh syllables, of variations in the accent, and advanced in that which Milton recognised as a main source of its power, “the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another.” This freedom grew, and in its full growth produced what some regard as a third period in Shakespeare’s versification when modification of accent, added syllables, and sentences variously interlaced are much more numerous than in his early plays. Now there is no play of Shakespeare’s in which eleven-syllabled lines are so frequent as they are in *King Henry VIII.*. One very able critic has observed that the unaccented eleventh syllables in *King Henry VIII.* are often detached monosyllables, a peculiarity that distinguishes this from other plays of Shakespeare, and, in the opinion of that critic, proves it to have been written by some other poet. It is noticeable, however, that this

feature is most marked in those passages of the play which are among the finest, and in which the genius of Shakespeare is most surely felt, as in this well-known passage, where, for convenience of illustration, in each line the syllable beyond the tenth is printed in italics :—

“ So, farewell to the little good you bear *me*.
Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts *forth*
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon *him* :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left *me*
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide *me*.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate *ye* ;
I feel my heart new opened.”

Here it may be observed that the only lines which close firmly with an accented syllable are the two that paint the “killing frost” that “nips the root,” and one that expresses the “high-blown pride” now fallen. The reader will observe especially the use of this measure in speeches like this of Wolsey’s in his fall, or that of Buckingham

before his execution. It breaks the pomp of each verse at the close, and gives to it a dying fall that suits the theme of the whole play, the broken pomps of life, the wave that rolls to its full height, then bows its crest and falls. If this be so, may we not say that, before the death of Elizabeth, Shakespeare was artist enough to suit his measure to his theme ?

What was that theme ? Wholly unlike the mirth and noise of targets, the fellow in long motley coat, the “fool and fight” referred to by contrast in the Prologue. Prologue and epilogue were written doubtless by some other hand for the production of the play in 1613 ; and the Prologue seems to have been meant as warning to the audience that this *King Henry VIII.* was Shakespeare’s and not Samuel Rowley’s. Rowley made of the subject such comedy as the Prologue points at. Shakespeare’s treatment of it was profoundly earnest and religious.

The whole play tells us of the seeming chances and the sudden changes of this life, and the only trust in God. Henry VIII. stands in the centre as an earthly god, Fortune. He smiles, men prosper ; if he frown, they die. Scene after scene shows the rise and fall of human fortunes as of waves of the great sea, and each fall—Buckingham’s, Katharine’s, Wolsey’s—leads to the same thought—

“ Farewell

The hopes of Court ! My hopes in Heaven do dwell.”

Through four acts this is illustrated, not only by the main events, but by all incidental details. In the fifth act there is a new note struck in the music:—not alone to men singly, but to men in nations, to the race of man, the last and sure trust is in God, who turns our evil into good. He guides the nations in their darkest hours. His love is over all. The whole play of *King Henry VIII.* breathes a spirit that might be expressed in words from the 39th Psalm : “ Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain ; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what is my Hope ? truly my Hope is even in Thee.”

The Fall with which the play opens is that of the Duke of Buckingham, and the first note struck is of the vanity of earthly pomp in a description of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. That meeting between King Henry and the King of France was in 1520 ; and Buckingham, at the height of his prosperity, but on the brink of ruin, is supposed to have been in France, kept by an ague from the meeting of the Kings, at which history says he was present. Shakespeare meant that his play should open with a picture of vain pomp and glory of the world. Its vanity the dialogue of the scene shows, for the

peace it celebrated was a false peace, and the rich lords had been sent thither by Wolsey that they might break their fortunes by selling manors to maintain their state. The scheming of Wolsey, the distrust of him by English nobles, the disdain of Buckingham, and Wolsey's will to take revenge for it, are all brought to mind before we are shown in action Wolsey passing in his state, "who in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain." The words of Buckingham after Wolsey has passed, here printed

"A beggar's look
Outworts a noble's blood"

stand in the first folio "a beggar's booke;" one editor reads "a beggar's brood." The whole attention of Wolsey and Buckingham is on the look of disdain wherewith each dares the other. Wolsey turns to his secretary for the paper that will bring his antagonist to the scaffold, where he shall "lessen this big look." Buckingham sees deadly purpose in the fixed eyes of Wolsey, and that this "beggar's look" is more than a noble's blood is worth—menaces death—and dwells on the same thought after the words of Norfolk's reply, saying,

'I read in 's looks
Matters against me ;'

and again, “ He’s gone to the King, I’ll follow and outstare him.” Then follows immediately the arrest of Buckingham and of his son-in-law, Lord Abergavenny. Buckingham looks to Heaven in his fall :

“ The will of Heaven be done
In this and all things.”

Abergavenny, when his arrest follows, resigns himself in like manner, and gives emphasis by the repetition,

“ As the Duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the King’s pleasure
By me obeyed.”

In the next scene, in the Council Chamber, the breaking of this wave of earthly fortune is continued ; Wolsey’s wave is still high. “ The King enters, leaning on the Cardinal’s shoulder.” Katharine’s wave is still high ; when she enters “ the King rises from his State, takes her up, kisses and places her by him.” The two chief examples of the instability of earthly glory, Wolsey and Katharine, are now face to face. Katharine is made throughout the play as near to an angel as she can be and yet be a woman, and a Spanish Princess too. She pleads against exactions burdening the people, puts in warning words of mercy while Wolsey presses his revenge against Bucking-

ham to the death. The contrast is carefully maintained in other scenes, for “there is one end to the just and to the unjust;” there is no sure foothold on the paths of this world’s wealth. Buckingham is under the King’s frown, and sent to trial as a traitor for proud words reported by the men of his own household whom he trusted most. Then we pass from the fall of Buckingham to the rising of the wave that will bear Anne Boleyn to her crowning—a scene, perhaps not written by Shakespeare, seems to have no aim but the avoidance of a direct passing from Wolsey in the Council Chamber to Wolsey as luxurious host in York Place. Then follows the banqueting, to which the King comes masqued, and with his dignity announced by that discharge of chambers which set fire to the Globe Theatre in June, 1613. Here the King takes Anne Boleyn for the dance. He is passionately occupied with her, and when Wolsey would interpose a little check by withdrawing his impetuous guest to the banqueting room his Majesty has sense of his own in answer to the Cardinal’s

“Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.”

So to the feast in the next chamber, and then back to the dance, and then

“ Let’s dream
Who’s best in favour.”

Thus in the First Act we have the beginning of the Fall of Buckingham, and the beginning of the Rise of Anne Boleyn.

In the Second Act we have the completed Fall of Buckingham, the continued Rise of Anne, and the beginning of the Fall of Katharine.

Two gentlemen meet, to see Buckingham pass to his execution. They will meet again in the play to see Anne pass to her coronation. Their dialogue describes Buckingham’s trial, and continues illustrative of the clouds of ill-will gathering in Wolsey’s earthly heaven. Buckingham passes—“tipstaves before him ; the axe with its edge towards him.” His last words are pathetic, with that dying fall in the metre which we find afterwards marked as strongly in the speeches of the fallen Wolsey. Buckingham is passing out of the vain shadow, with his one last hope in God. Of those who loved him he asks that they will make of their prayers one sweet sacrifice, and lift his soul to Heaven. “Lead on, o’ God’s name.” He dies, forgiving all his enemies ; bids Lovell commend him to the King :—

“ And if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in Heaven.”

Then follows one of those touches of poetic irony frequent in Shakespeare. It is applied, of course, to the theme of the play, the vanity of earthly pomp :

“ *Vaux.* Prepare there !
 The Duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;
 And fit it with such furniture as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
 Let it alone : my state will now but mock me.
 When I came hither I was Lord High Constable
 And Duke of Buckingham ; now poor Edward Bohun.”

In the close of that speech we have Buckingham’s last words. They include expression of the faith which Shakespeare planned the last act of *King Henry VIII.* to confirm : “ Heaven has an end in all.” They close with the fallen man’s last prayer, “ I have done, and God forgive me.”—“ And now, Lord, what hope I for ? Truly my hope is in Thee.”

The next words of the gentlemen who have seen Buckingham pass to the scaffold, while his last breath is still in their ears, carry our minds on without pause to the breaking of the next great wave of fortune :—

“ 1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads
 That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the Duke be guiltless
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this."

At once we pass to the beginning of the Fall of Katharine, still blended with suggestion of the practices of Wolsey :—

‘The Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.’”

Katharine is in this dialogue, “the good Queen ;” Wolsey, a man in whom ambition begets malice.

The second scene opens with illustration of Wolsey’s overbearing pride, and the ill-will to him of the nobility. But he is strong in the King’s favour. He has brought Cardinal Campeius to join in trial of the question of Katharine’s divorce, which the new fancy for Anne Boleyn has caused the King to be impatient for. The lords (Norfolk and Suffolk) propose to try their skill with the King in opposition to the influence of Wolsey ; but they are chidden away as dogs. Wolsey is master of the situation. Henry’s “Who’s there ?” before Wolsey enters, is another fierce roar of the angry lion as he hears more steps approaching. But the tone changes to the warmest welcome when Wolsey enters with Campeius. It is, rough and loud, “Who’s there ?” then soft and low,

"My good Lord Cardinal? O, my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience."

Wolsey's glance at the two lords, as he says,

"I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference,"

produces from King Henry a loud and rough dismissal of them : "We are busy. Go."

When the Cardinals arrange for the trial of the question of the King's divorce from Katharine, because she had been his brother Arthur's wife, we have an incidental touch, showing how minor details of a poet's work are brought into relation with the whole design. We have the beginning of the Rise of Gardiner thus indicated :—Henry has taken to him, and made him his secretary. When Henry thinks of sending to tell the Queen what is purposed by the coming of Campeius, it occurs to him to send by Gardiner, whom he misses. When he abruptly asks, "Where's Gardiner?" Wolsey goes on with his discourse and takes no notice of the question. But he gains nothing by that, for the great Cardinal himself is presently compelled to demean himself by going to fetch Gardiner.

"Cardinal,
Pr'ythee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :
I find him a fit fellow."

Wolsey brings him, and exchanges words with him to keep him in subordination to himself ; but they are few, for his impatient Majesty breaks in with his, “ Come hither, Gardiner.” While the King speaks apart with Gardiner, whose wave of fortune is upon the rise, a little dialogue between Campeius and Wolsey points incidentally to the predecessor upon whose fall Gardiner has risen :—

“ *Cam.* My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man’s place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there ’s an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him,
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so grieved him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven’s peace be with him !
That ’s Christian care enough : for living murmurers
There ’s places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment :
I will have none so near else.”

So may the mean rise on the ruin of the noble.
“ For there is a man whose labour is in wisdom,
and in knowledge, and in equity ; yet to a man
who hath not laboured therein shall he leave it for

his portion." As Wolsey is to Queen Katharine in the play, so is Gardiner to Doctor Pace. But Katharine and Dr. Pace were not saved by their worth from being crushed under the wheel of earthly fortune.

The third scene of this Act shows the continued Rise of Anne; the fourth then passes to the Fall of Katharine. Anne Boleyn is painted throughout as worthy to be the mother of Queen Elizabeth; and the substance of the last Act is foreshadowed by reference from time to time to some great blessing that shall spring from her. Again also the theme of the play is maintained by contrast of Anne's character with that of a worldly old Court lady, who meets deep sympathy for the fallen Queen with shallow words of course. To Anne's faith that

" 'T is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow,"

the old Court lady replies in the conventional tone, "Our content is our best having;" but in all that she says afterwards, Shakespeare paints humorously the petty greed of a small courtier's unsatisfied ambition. When the Lord Chamberlain has interrupted them with announcements of the

King's creation of Anne Marchioness of Pembroke, with a thousand pounds a year, and has then departed with the note to himself that in Anne Boleyn beauty and honour are so mingled

“ That they have caught the King ; and who knows
yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle ?—”

the old lady gives her own reading of a lesson on the freaks of fortune :—

“ Why, this it is ; see, see !
I have been begging sixteen years in Court,—
Am yet a courtier beggarly,—nor could
Come pat between too early and too late
For any suit of pounds ; and you, O Fate !
A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie upon
This compelled fortune !—have your mouth filled
up
Before you open it.”

In the next scene, of the Ecclesiastical Court in the house of the Dominicans, Blackfriars, there is an opening touch to mark the King's impatience. Wolsey proposes that the Commissions of the Cardinals should be read, and the King breaks in impatiently with—

“ What's the need ?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allowed ;
You may, then, spare that time.”

This impatience of a quarter of an hour's delay at the beginning of the scene gives measure of the anger at the end, when nothing is attained but an indefinite postponement.

“ I may perceive,
These Cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-belovéd servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return : with thy approach, I know
My comfort comes along.”

Then angrily, “ Break up' the Court !—I say, set on.” All readers feel the charm that is given in this scene to the character of Katharine by the skilful blending of love, patience, piety, and all womanly graces with high spirit ; by the praise that comes with double force from the lips of the husband who is putting her away. We may note also the continued use of Katharine and Wolsey, the two chief types of the fickleness of earthly fortune, as opposites to each other in the spirit, although subject to like forfeits in the flesh.

The Third Act of *King Henry VIII.* in its two scenes is wholly occupied with Katharine and Wolsey. The first scene represents the fallen Queen among her women, and sets her grief to soft music that in Shakespeare's plays was used for expression of the harmony within immortal souls. The words of the song indeed express the thought.

The power of Orpheus is the power of the divine harmony within to calm the waves of passion and bring peace.

“ Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Now again there is Katharine in contact with Wolsey, simple truth with worldly policy ; and in the next scene the talk of the nobles shows, with the Rise of Cranmer, the impending Fall of Wolsey. Then Wolsey enters with disturbed mind, into which we pass (for an Aside means always, Now you hear thinking) and find among all its troubles an unshaken confidence of power :—

“ This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;
Then, out it goes.”

The King enters, reading the inventory of Wolsey's wealth, put by mistake into the packet to him : “ What piles of wealth hath he accumulated,” “ He heapeth up riches—” The King departs, “ frowning upon Wolsey,” and leaves him with the paper that completed his ruin. He looks first at the inventory of his wealth, and thinks out a subtlety to overcome that difficulty with the King ; but looks then on

the other paper. It is his letter to the Pope ; and he is ruined beyond all earthly hope. He is subject to the insults of the nobles, and his eyes are opened to the vanity of earthly glory:

“ Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye !
I feel my heart new opened.”

We are shown now the better side of Wolsey, through the love for him in those of his own household. In the scene with Cromwell, while the Rise of others on his Fall is told him, out of the heart new opened comes its inmost goodness, and Wolsey reads the lesson of his life to Cromwell, by bidding him avoid its faults, self-seeking revenge, corrupt dealing, as his had been with those who betrayed Buckingham :

“ Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim’st at be thy country’s,
Thy God’s, and truth’s : then if thou fall’st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall’st a blessed martyr. Serve the King ;
And—Prythee lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny : ‘ tis the King’s : my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but served my God with half the zeal

I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Cromwell. Good sir, have patience.

Wolsey. So I have.—Farewell
The hopes of Court ! my hopes in Heaven do dwell."

" Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain : he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what is my hope : truly my hope is in Thee."

The Fourth Act contains two contrasted scenes. One is the coronation of Anne Boleyn ; the other is the death of Katharine. The two gentlemen who meet at the crowning of Anne significantly remember that they last met at the execution of Buckingham. One tells another of the dying and deserted Queen at Kimbolton. There is a sigh for the fall of Queen Katharine, followed immediately by the sound of trumpets in the celebration of the rise of Queen Anne.

" Alas, good lady !

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound : stand close, the Queen is coming."

Then enters another show of pomp—the manner of presenting the play being designed to give "the view of earthly glory." The description of the coronation includes talk of the sickness of the ruined Cardinal, of the rise of Gardiner to be Bishop of Winchester, of Cranmer to the Arch-

bishopric, of Thomas Cromwell to the Privy Council ; rise and fall everywhere of the waves of fortune.

The second scene includes the telling of the death of Wolsey with the showing of the death of Katharine. Wolsey died, in fact, on the 29th of November, 1530, and Katharine in January, 1536, more than two years after the birth of Elizabeth ; and the coronation of Anne Boleyn was in June, 1533. But in poetry essential truths are shown by bringing suggestive incidents into the most significant relation to each other. So the death of Wolsey is told as recent to the dying Katharine. Wolsey's ambition ends with his appeal to the Abbot of Leicester :

“ O father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !”

Katharine's last remembrance of their opposition to each other is lost in words of charity that show the better side of the fallen Cardinal and tell how—

“ His overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.”

The death of Katharine with her last hope in God is marked by soft music :

“Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.”

Her vision then presents to the eyes of the spectators, while music suggests also, the heavenly crown she has attained. The spark of royal feeling near the close is the last flash of her mortality, but the last words are of kind thought for those whom she has loved and is now leaving.

Then in the Fifth Act comes the application to the sum of life, to the community of man as to the single man, of the faith expressed by fallen Buckingham :

“Heaven has an end in all.”

The whole Act is concerned with two things : a picture in little of the divisions in the Church, with a control tending towards Reformation ; and the birth of Elizabeth, with the prophecy that she, for whom so many seeming chances of unequal fortune had prepared the way, would be a Queen in whose day every man should sing the merry songs of peace to all his neighbours, God should be truly known, and characters of men should give the measure of their greatness. The hope was large,

and true although for full accomplishment England must wait long years beyond the days of Elizabeth or of Victoria. But Shakespeare heard, as we all may hear, the voice of God in History, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee : Be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

H. M.

KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three other Gentlemen.

Garter King-at-Arms.
DR. BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a Serjeant-at-Arms.*
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber.
Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.
QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour.*
An Old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*
Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other attendants.

SCENE—Chiefly in LONDON and WESTMINSTER; once, at KIMBOLTON.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh : things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,

Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find Truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived ; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye : think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living ; think, you see them great,
And followed with the general throng and sweat

Of thousand friends : then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery :
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door ; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done

Since last we saw in France ?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stayed me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde :
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement as they grew together,
Which had they, what four throned ones could
have weighed

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory : men might say,
Till this time Pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India : every man that stood
Showed like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt ; the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this masque
Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them, him in eye
Still him in praise ; and, being present both,

'Twas said, they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
suns

(For so they phrase them) by their heralds chal-
lenged

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous
story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,—
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of everything
Would by a good discourser lose some life
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal :
To the disposing of it nought rebelled ;
Order gave each thing view, the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together ?

Nor. As you guess .
One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good discretion

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! No man's pie is freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For, being not propped by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way ; nor called upon
For high feats done to the Crown ; neither allied
To eminent assistants ; spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web,—give us note,—
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him ; let some graver
eye

Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him : whence has he
that ?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins

A new hell in himself

Buck. Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the King, t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the
file:

Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable Board of Council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sickened their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly

Buck. O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on
them

For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think

The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man

After the hideous storm that followed, was

A thing inspired, and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out ;
For France hath flawed the league, and hath
attached
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced ?

Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate.

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together ; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful ; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and 't may be said,

It reaches far ; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha !
Where 's his examination ?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready ?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more ; and
Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed,
and I

Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's look
Outworts a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed ?

Ask God for temperance ; that 's the appliance
only

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me ; and his eye reviled
Me, as his abject object : at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He 's gone to the
King ;

I 'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first : anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I 'll to the King ;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,

The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advised :
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir

I am thankful to you, and I 'll go along
By your prescription ; but this top-proud fellow,—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,—by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the King I 'll say 't ; and make my
vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the King, our master,
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning Cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased ; and they were ratified,
As he cried, "Thus let be :" to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead. But our Count-
Cardinal

Has done this, and 't is well ; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason : Charles the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen, his aunt,—
For 't was, indeed, his colour ; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation.
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
Peeped harms that menaced him : he privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow,—
Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the Emperor
Paid ere he promised, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was asked,—but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the Emperor thus desired :
That he would please to alter the King's course,

And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know—

As soon he shall, by me—that thus the Cardinal Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases, And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry

To hear this of him ; and could wish he were Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable.

I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON ; a Serjeant-at-Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, serjeant ; execute it.

Serj. Sir,

My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I Arrest thee of high treason in the name Of our most sovereign King.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,

The net has fallen upon me ! I shall perish Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on The business present. 'T is his highness' pleasure,

You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of
Heaven

Be done, in this and all things.—I obey.—

O, my Lord Abergavny, fare you well !

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—[To
ABERGAVENNY.] The King
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the King's plea-
sure

By me obeyed.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King to attach Lord Montacute ; and the
bodies
Of the Duke's cónfessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck So, so ;
These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I
hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins ?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great
Cardinal
Hath showed him gold. My life is spanned al-
ready:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir THOMAS LOVELL: the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the
level
Of a full charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it.—Let be called before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying, ‘Room for the Queen!’

Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The KING riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—half your suit

Never name to us: you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been com-
missions

Sent down among 'em, which hath flawed the heart

Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,

My good lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master,—
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil!—even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not ‘almost appears,’—
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,
Unfit for other life, compelled by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord Cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,

You know no more than others : but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not whole-
some

To those which would not know them, and yet
must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devised by you ; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction !

The nature of it ? In what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction ?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience ; but am boldened
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is named, your wars in France. This makes bold
mouths :

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them : their curses now

Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to
pass

That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incenséd will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration ; for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen.

By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

Wol.

And for me,

I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not passed me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'T is but the fate of place and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions in the fear
To cope malicious censurers, which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimmed, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allowed ; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best action. If we shall stand still,

In fear our motion will be mocked or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hacked,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is questioned, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't ;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [To the Secretary.] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The grieved
commons
Hardly conceive of me ; let it be noised,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*]

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many :
The gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker ;
To nature none more bound, his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt.
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enrolled 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravished listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmeared in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen.

Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the King
Should without issue die, he 'll carry 't so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I 've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberg'a'ny, to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol.

Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.

Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath.

My learned lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen.

Speak on.

How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught ?

Surv.

He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton*

K. Hen. What was that Henton ?

* Nicholas Hopkins, who was of the convent of Henton,
near Bristol.

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His cónfessor : who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this ?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
France,

The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey ? I replied,
Men feared the French would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger. Presently the Duke
Said, 't was the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk, "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature but to me
Should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued,—' Neither the King nor's
heirs,
Tell you the Duke, shall prosper : bid him strive
'To gain the love of the commonalty : the Duke

Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants : take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the Duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived ; and that 't was
dangerous for him

To ruminant on this so far until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do. He answered, 'Tush !
It can do me no damage ;' adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness failed,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah ha !
There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say
further ?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,

After your highness had reproved the Duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The Duke retained him his.—But on: what
hence?

Surv. ‘If,’ quoth he, ‘I for this had been com-
mitted,

As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have played
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in’s presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.’

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in
freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There’s something more would out of
thee: what say’st?

Surv. After ‘the Duke his father,’ with ‘the
knife,’

He stretched him, and, with one hand on his
dagger,

Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,

He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenor
Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attached ·
Call him to present trial : if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his ; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should
juggle

Men into such strange mysteries ?

Sands. New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are followed.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd
ones,

For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones ;
one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
And springhalt reigned among 'em.

Cham. Death ! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now ?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapped upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for ?
Lov. The reformation of our travelled gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad 't is there : now, I would pray
our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either—
For so run the conditions—leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,

With all their honourable points of ignorance
 Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks ;
 Abusing better men than they can be,
 Out of a foreign wisdom ; renouncing clean
 The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
 Short blistered breeches, and those types of travel,
 And understand again like honest men ;
 Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laughed at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their
 diseases

Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
 Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
 There will be woe indeed, lords : the sly whoresons
 Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;
 A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em ! I am glad they're
 going,
 For, sure, there's no converting of 'em : now,
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
 And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r lady,
 Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands :
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going ?

Lov. To the Cardinal's.
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 't is true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind
indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall everywhere.

Cham. No doubt, he 's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord,—has wherewithal ; in
him

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal ;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,

We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands.

I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Presence-chamber in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN, and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all ; this night he dedicates
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As far's good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

O, my lord, you are tardy ;
The very thought of this fair company
Clapped wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em : by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now
confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were ;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy ?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir
Harry,

Place you that side ; I'll take the charge of this :
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze ;
Two women placed together makes cold weather :—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them
waking ;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet
ladies :

[*Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN
and another Lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O! very mad, exceeding mad, in love
too;

But he would bite none: just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]

Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended, and
takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests: that
noble lady

Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [Drinks.]

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,

I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry :—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then, we shall
have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship ; and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpet.* *Chambers discharged.*

Wol. What 's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war you are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now ? what is 't ?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem ; they 've left their barge, and
landed,

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome ; you can speak the French
tongue :
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend
him.—

[Exit Chamberlain. All rise, and tables removed.
You have now a broken banquet, but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all ; once more,
I shower a welcome on ye :—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, and others, as Mas-
quers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the
Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before
the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company : what are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they prayed

To tell your grace :—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and, under your fair conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace ; for which
I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their
pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen.* *The King takes ANNE BULLEN.*
K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touched : O
Beauty,

Till now I never knew thee ! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord !

Cham. Your grace ?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me :
There should be one amongst them by his person,
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed ; which they would have your
grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then,—

By all your good leaves, gentlemen ; here I 'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. [Unmasking.] Ye have found him,
Cardinal.

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady 's that ?

Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas
Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford ; one of her highness'
women.

K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one.—
Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen !
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet
partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have half a dozen
healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. Whither away so fast?

2 Gent. O,—God save you.
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gent. Were you there?

1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gent. Pray, speak what has happened.

1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gent. Is he found guilty ?

1 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon 't.

2 Gent. I am sorry for 't.

1 Gent. So are a number more.

2 Gent. But, pray, how passed it ?

1 Gent. I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar ; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desired
To have brought, *virâ voce*, to his face :
At which appeared against him, his surveyor ;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car,
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gent. That was he

That fed him with his prophecies ?

1 Gent. The same.

All these accused him strongly ; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could
not :

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

2 Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirred
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest showed a most noble patience.

2 Gent. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gent. Sure, he does not ;
He never was so womanish : the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gent. Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gent. 'T is likely,
By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,
Then Deputy of Ireland ; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gent. At his return

No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally,—whoever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 Gent.

All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep : this Duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him bounteous
Buckingham,

The mirror of all courtesy,—

1 Gent.

Stay there, sir

And see the noble ruined man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; tip-
staves before him; the axe with the edge towards
him; halberds on each side; accompanied with
Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir
WILLIAM SANDS, and common people, &c.*

2 Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck.

All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die ; yet, Heaven bear
witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,

Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death ;
'T has done upon the premises but justice :
But those that sought it I could wish more
Christians :

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that
loved me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows,—whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only, dying,—
Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's
name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
. As I would be forgiven : I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no
 black envy
 Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace:
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
 You met him half in heaven. My vows and
 prayers

Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake,
 Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your
 grace;

Then, give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The Duke is coming; see the barge be ready,
 And fit it with such furniture as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
 And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
 Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,
And without trial fell : God's peace be with him !
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,— both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most :
A most unnatural and faithless service.
Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last
hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive
me ! [Exeunt Duke and Train.]

1 Gent. O, this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the Duke be guiltless,
'T is full of woe : yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us !
What may it be ?—You do not doubt my faith,
sir ?

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it :
I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident ;
You shall, sir : did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Katharine ?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not ;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good Queen, possessed him with a scruple
That will undo her : to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived and lately,
As all think, for this business.

1 Gent. 'T is the Cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purposed.

2 Gent. I think you have hit the mark : but is 't
not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? The Car-
dinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gent.

'T is woful.

We are too open here to argue this;

Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading this letter.

Cham. ‘My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal’s, by commission and main power, took ’em from me, with this reason,—his master would be served before a Subject, if not before the King; which stopped our mouths, sir.’ I fear, he will, indeed; well, let him have them: He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the King employed?

Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'T is so.

This is the Cardinal's doing, the King-Cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one
day.

Suf. 'Pray God, he do ; he'll never know him-
self else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business !
And with what zeal ! for now he has cracked the
league

Between us and the Emperor, the Queen's great-
nephew,

He dives into the King's soul ; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs,—and all these for his marriage :
And out of all these to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;

Of her that loves him with that excellency
That angels love good men with ; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King :—and is not this course pious ?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel !

'T is most true

These news are everywhere ; every tongue speaks
them,

And every true heart weeps for 't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day
open

The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance ;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashioned
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,

I love him not, nor fear him ; there 's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the King please : his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they 're breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in ;
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him.—

My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me ;
The King hath sent me otherwhere : besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK opens a folding door. *The KING is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks : sure, he is much
afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there ? Ha !

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say ? How dare you
thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? Ha !

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way

Is business of estate ; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold.
Go to ; I 'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? Ha ! —

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who 's there ! — My good lord Cardinal ? O, my
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience ;
Thou art a cure fit for a King.—[To CAMPEIUS.]

You 're welcome,
Most learned Reverend Sir, into our kingdom ;
Use us, and it :—[To WOLSEY.] My good lord,
have great care

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.—
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. [To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.] We are
busy. Go !

Nor. [Aside to SUFFOLK.] This priest has no
pride in him ?

Suf. [Aside to NORFOLK.] Not to speak of.
I would not be so sick though for his place :
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [Aside to SUFFOLK.] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [Aside to NORFOLK.] I another

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him
welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have
wished for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all
strangers' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand

I tender my commission, by whose virtue—
 The court of Rome commanding—you, my Lord
 Cardinal of York, are joined with me, their servant,
 In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The Queen shall be
 acquainted

Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?—

Wol. I know, your majesty has always loved her
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that
 A woman of less place might ask by law,
 Scholars allowed freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and
 my favour

To him that does best: God forbid else.—Cardinal,
 Prythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
 I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour
 to you:

You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
 For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.—

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace

In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,

Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him, And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, Kept him a foreign man still ; which so grieved him,

That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !

That's Christian care enough : for living murmurers

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ; For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow, If I command him, follows my appointment : I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,

We live not to be griped by meaner persons.—

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the Queen. [Exit GARDINER.—

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars :
There ye shall meet about this weighty busi-
ness :—

My Wolsey, see it furnished :—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, con-
science,—

O ! 't is a tender place ! and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber in the QUEEN'S
Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang
that pinches :

His highness having lived so long with her, and
she

So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing,—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in majesty and pomp, the which
To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,

To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will ! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp : though 't be tem-
poral,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady !
She 's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't ; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which
 gifts—

Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth;—you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'T is strange: a three-pence bowed would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a Duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L Then you are weakly made. Pluck off
a little:

I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing : I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'longed
No more to the Crown but that. Lo, who comes
here ?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies ; what were it
worth to know
The secret of your conference ?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women ; there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, Amen !

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,

Out of his grace he adds.

Anne.

I do not know,

What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
More than my all, is nothing ; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed ; nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities : yet prayers, and
wishes

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham.

Lady,

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you.—[*Aside.*] I have perused
her well :

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King ; and who knows
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle ?—[*To her.*] I'll to the
King,

And say, I spoke with you.

Anne.

My honoured lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Old L. Why, this it is ; see, see !
I have been begging sixteen years in court,

Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !
A very fresh-fish here, fie, fie, upon
This compelled fortune ! have your mouth filled
 up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it ? Is it bitter ? Forty pence,
no.

There was a lady once, 't is an old story,
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt :—have you heard it ?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-
 broke !

A thousand pounds a year,—for pure respect !
No other obligation ! By my life,
That promises more thousands : Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a Duchess :—say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne. Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being,

If this salute my blood a jot : it faints me,
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard, to her.

Old L.

What do you think me ?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Hall in Blackfriars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two *Vergers*, with short silver wands ; next them, two *Scribes*, in the habit of *Doctors* : after them, the *Archbishop of CANTERBURY* alone ; after him, the *Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH* : next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seal, and a *Cardinal's Hat* : then two *Priests*, bearing each a silver cross ; then a *Gentleman-Usher* bare-headed, accompanied with a *Sergeant-at-Arms*, bearing a *Silver Mace* ; then two *Gentlemen* bearing two great *Silver Pillars* : after them, side by side, the two *Cardinals*. Two *Noblemen* with the *Sword and Mace*. The KING takes place under the *Cloth of State* ; the two *Cardinals* sit under him as *Judges*. The QUEEN takes place at some

distance from the KING. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.

Wol. Whilst our Commission from Rome is
read,

Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allowed;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so.—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into
the Court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come
into the Court.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the KING, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and
justice,

And to bestow your pity on me ; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable :
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Which of your
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? What friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If, in the course

And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince that there had reigned by many
A year before : it is not to be questioned
That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I
 humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore. If not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfilled.

Wol. You have here, lady,—
And of your choice—these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,

That longer you desire the Court, as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His grace

Hath spoken well, and justly : therefore, madam,
 It's fit this Royal Session do proceed,
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,
 To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath. Sir,
 I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
 We are a Queen, or long have dreamed so, certain
 The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay,
 before,
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induced by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge. For it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
 Which God's dew quench.—Therefore, I say again,
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul

Refuse, you for my judge, whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol.

I do profess

You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and displayed the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong :

I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistory,
Yea, the whole Consistory of Rome. You charge
me,

That I have blown this coal : I do deny it.
The King is present : if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood ; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me ; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you : the which
before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech

You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and
humble-mouthed ;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility ; but your heart
Is crammed with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual : that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by it : 't is not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the Court.

Griffith. Madam, you are called back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:

When you are called, return.—Now the Lord help,

They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on:

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[*Exeunt QUEEN, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol.

• D*—63

Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, for where I am robbed and
bound,

There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied, whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen.

My Lord Cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The Queen is put in anger. You are excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wished the sleeping of this business; never
Desired it to be stirred; but oft have hindered,
oft,

The passages made toward it.—On my honour,
I speak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this point

And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me
to 't :

I will be bold with time, and your attention :—
Then, mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give
heed to 't.

My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches uttered
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador,

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he—
I mean, the bishop—did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, entered me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast ; which forced such way,
That many mazed considerings did throng,
And pressed in with this caution. First, me-
thought,

I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had

Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead, for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had aired them. Hence I took a
thought,

This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me. Then follows, that
I weighed the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy whereupon we are
Now present here together ; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learned. First, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin.

Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long ; be pleased yourself
to say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this Court ;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals : therefore, go on ;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my allegéd reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our Queen, before the primest creature
That's paragoned o' the world.

Cam So please your highness,
The Queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this Court till further day :
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion

Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his Holiness.

K. Hen. [Aside.] I may perceive,
These Cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learned and well-belovéd servant, Cranmer,
Prythee, return : with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the Court :
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. The Palace at Bridewell.
A Room in the QUEEN's Apartment.

The QUEEN, and her Women, at Work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows
sad with troubles ;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave
working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing .*

*To his music plants, and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now ?

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great
Cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me ?

Gent. They willed me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be
their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?
I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.
They should be good men ; their affairs as righteous :
But all hoods make not monks. ::

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife :

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner : 'would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !

My lords, I care not,—so much I am happy
Above a number,—if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima,*—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin :
I am not such a truant since my coming,

As not to know the language I have lived in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange-
suspicious ;
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank
you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake .
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord
Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol.

Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed —
And service to his Majesty and you—
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady ; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you, and to deliver
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam.

Most honoured madam,

My Lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure

Both of his truth and him, which was too far,—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [Aside.] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove
so!

But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with
these fears :

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' plea-
sure,—

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth; my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the King's pro-
tection;

He's loving, and most gracious. 'T will be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause:
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—
my ruin.

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men I
thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.

Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say, I warned ye:
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,

And all such false professors! Would you have me—

If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?

Alas, he has banished me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this.

Cam.

Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,

Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman—I dare say, without vain-glory—
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the King? loved him next Heaven
obeyed him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
Almost forgot my prayers, to content him ?
And am I thus rewarded ? 't is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English
earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady ?

I am the most unhappy woman living.—

[*To her Women.*] Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?

Shipwrecked upon a kingdom where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allowed me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourished.
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest.
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it :
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm : pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-
vants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong
your virtues

With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King
loves you ;

Beware, you lose it not : for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray
forgive me,

If I have used myself unmannly.

You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his Majesty :
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me ; she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the KING's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints, And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal Cannot stand under them : if you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise But that you shall sustain more new disgraces, With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful To meet the least occasion that may give me Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke, To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers Have uncontemned gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected ? when did he regard The stamp of nobleness in any person, Out of himself ?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures. What he deserves of you and me, I know ; What we can do to him,—though now the time Gives way to us,—I much fear. If you cannot

Bar his access to the King, never attempt
Anything on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how? how?

Suf. The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the King; wherein was
read,
How that the Cardinal did entreat His Holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive,

My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he
coasts,

And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death : the King already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord ;
For, I profess, you have 't.

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My Amen to 't !

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Sur. But, will the King

Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no:

There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Campeius

Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the King unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cried, 'Ha!' at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, 'Ha!' louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is returned, in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the King for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be published, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be called Queen, but Princess Dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain

In the King's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'T is so.

The Cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe ; he 's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the King ?

Crom. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.

Wol. Looked he o' th' inside of the papers ?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he viewed,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready ,
To come abroad ?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile.—

[*Exit CROMWELL*

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French King's sister : he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen ? No ; I 'll no Anne Bullens for
him :

There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pem-
broke !—

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !—

Wol. The late Queen's gentlewoman, a knight's
daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear : 't is I must snuff it ;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her
virtuous,

And well deserving ? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled King. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawled into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vexed at something.

Suf. I would, 't were something that would fret
the string,
The master-cord on's heart !

Enter the KING, reading a schedule; and LOVELL.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion! and what expense by the hour

Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of
thrift.

Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange com-
motion

Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight,
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon : in most strange
postures

We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be :
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required ; and wot you what I found

There, on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing.—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuff's, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will :

Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fixed on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings : but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me !—
Ever God bless your highness !

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff. and bear the
inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er : you have scarce
time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span

To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol.

Sir,

For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying !

K. Hen. 'T is well said again ;
And 't is a kind of good deed, to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved
you ;

He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employed you where high profits might come
home,

But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [Aside.]

What should this mean ?

Sur. [Aside, to the others.] The Lord increase
this business !

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the State ? I pray you, tell
me,

If what I now pronounce you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Showered on me daily, have been more than
could

My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heaped upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to Heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answered ;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of it

Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has opened bounty to you,
My heart dropped love, my power rained honour,
more

On you than any ; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 't were in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever laboured
More than mine own : that am, have, and will
be—

Though all the world should crack their duty
to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'T is nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this:
[*Giving him papers.*]

And, after, this : and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit KING, frowning upon the Cardinal.*

*The Nobles throng after him, smiling,
and whispering.*

Wol.

What should this mean ?

What sudden anger 's this ? how have I reaped it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leaped from his eyes : so looks the chaféd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so :
This paper has undone me !—'T is the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King ?—Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know 't will stir him strongly ;—yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again.—What 's this ?—To the
Pope !

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his Holiness.—Nay then, farewell !

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal; who commands you

To render up the Great Seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol.

Stay:

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry

Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,—

I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin !
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You 've Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That Seal,
You ask with such a violence, the King—
Mine, and your master—with his own hand
gave me ;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents :—now, who 'll take it ?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou 'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest :
Within these forty hours, Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet Sin, robbed this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals—
With thee, and all thy best parts bound together—
Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me Deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the King, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st
him,

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol.

This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lords, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur.

By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst
feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol.

All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the Pope, against the King ; your
goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My Lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues—
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life :—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the King's
hand ;

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer

And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, than my head.—
Have at you.

First, that without the King's assent or knowledge
You wrought to be a Legate ; by which power
You maimed the jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the
King

To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the Great Seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused

Your holy hat to be stamped on the King's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,—

By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,—

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham.

O my lord,

Press not a falling man too far ; 't is virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur.

I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure
is,—

Because all those things you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *Præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be

Out of the King's protection.—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your medita-
tions,

How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the Great Seal to us,
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So, fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What ! amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well.

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities.
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured
me,

I humbly thank his grace ; and from these
shoulders,

These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honour.
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
chosen

Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden ;
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his
bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !—
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with
welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open, as his Queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down.

O Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me : all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King ;
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What and how true thou art : he will advance
thee.

Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service ; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Crom-
well :

And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate
thee.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
And—pr'ythee lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the King's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of Court! my hopes in Heaven do
dwell. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You're well met once again.

2 *Gent.* So are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and
behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

2 Gent. 'T is all my business. At our last encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gent. 'T is very true : but that time offered sorrow ;

This, general joy.

2 Gent. 'T is well : the citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—In celebration of this day with shows, Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gent. Never greater ; Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains. That paper in your hand ?

1 Gent. Yes ; 't is the list Of those that claim their offices this day, By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims To be High-Steward ; next, the Duke of Norfolk, He to be Earl Marshal. You may read the rest.

2 Gent. I thank you, sir : had I not known those customs, I should have been beholding to your paper. But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,

The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The Arch-bishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appeared not:
And, to be short, for not-appearance, and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 Gent. Alas, good lady!—[*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the Queen is
coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

A lively flourish of trumpets.

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.*
3. *Choristers, singing.* [Music.]
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then,*

Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.

5. *Marquess DORSET, bearing a Sceptre of Gold; on his head a demi-coronal of Gold. With him the Earl of SURREY, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, crowned with an Earl's Coronet. Collars of SS.*
 6. *Duke of SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High-Steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
 7. *A Canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the QUEEN in her robe, in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of LONDON and WINCHESTER.*
 8. *The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a Coronal of Gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the QUEEN'S train.*
 9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain Circlets of Gold without flowers.*
- 2 Gent. A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—

Who's that, that bears the Sceptre ?

1 Gent. Marquess Dorset :

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the Rod.

2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should
be

The Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gent. 'T is the same : High-Steward.

2 Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk ?

1 Gent. Yes.

2 Gent. [Looking on the QUEEN.] Heaven bless
thee !

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady :
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gent. They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 Gent. Those men are happy ; and so are all
are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gent. It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars
indeed :

And sometimes falling ones.

1 Gent. No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3 Gent. Among the crowd i' the Abbey ; where
a finger

Could not be wedged in more : I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 Gent. You saw the ceremony ?

3 Gent. That I did.

1 Gent. How was it ?

3 Gent. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

3 Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man : which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up ; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, ‘This is my wife,’ there ; all were
woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But what followed ?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with
modest paces
Came to the altar ; where she kneeled and saint-
like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly.
Then rose again, and bowed her to the people :
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a Queen ;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her : which performed, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again.

To York Place, where the feast is held.

1 Gent.

Sir,

You must no more call it York Place, that's past ;
For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost :
'T is now the King's, and called White Hall.

3 Gent.

I know it ;

But 't is so lately altered, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 Gent. What two reverend Bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen ?

3 Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one, of
Winchester,

Newly preferred from the King's Secretary ;
The other, London.

2 Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the Archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 Gent. All the land knows that :
However, yet there's no great breach ; when it
comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from
him.

2 Gent. Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 Gent. Thomas Cromwell ;
A man in much esteem with the King. and truly
A worthy friend.—The King

Has made him master of the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the Privy-Council.

2 Gent. He will deserve more.

3 Gent. Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the Court. there ye shall be my guests :
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick ; led between GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*

Grif. How does your grace ?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death :
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden : reach a chair :—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st
me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :

If well, he stepped before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester ;

Lodged in the Abbey, where the reverend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him :
To whom he gave these words,—‘ O father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !’
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still ; and three nights after this,—
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest : his faults lie gently on him !

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading ;

Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer :

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—
Which was a sin,—yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him !—
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn Music.*

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down
quiet,

For fear we wake her :—softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads Garlands of Bays, and golden visards on their faces ; Branches of Bays, or Palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance ; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her head ; at which the other four make reverent curtsies : then, the two that held the Garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order : at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to Heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? are ye all
gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for :

Saw ye none enter, since I slept ?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed
troop

Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [Music ceases.]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is altered on the sudden ?
How long her face is drawn ? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy colour ? Mark her eyes !

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a sauey fellow :
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour : go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness'
pardon ;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the King to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : but this
fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are altered strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray
you,

What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,

The King's request that I would visit you ;
 Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
 Sends you his princely commendations,
 And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;

'T is like a pardon after execution.

That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me ;
 But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
 How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ; and ever flourish,
 When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name

Banished the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,
 I caused you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam.

[*Giving it to KATHARINE.*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
 This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
 The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !
 Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor peti-
tion

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have followed both my fortunes faithfully :
Of which there is not one, I dare avow—
And now I should not lie—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble ;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have
them.

The last is, for my men ; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me ;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by :
If Heaven had pleased to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember
me
In all humility unto his highness :
Say to him, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world ; tell him, in death I blessed
him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good
wench,
Let me be used with honour : strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,
Then lay me forth : although unqueened, yet like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me.
I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of WINCHESTER, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is 't not ?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights ; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas :

Whither so late ?

Lov. Came you from the King, my lord ?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas ; and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter ?

It seems you are in haste : an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend

Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk—

As they say spirits do—at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in
labour,

They say, in great extremity ; and feared,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubbed up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you are a gentleman
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remarked i' the kingdom. As for Crom-
well,

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made Master
O' the Rolls, and the King's Secretary ; further,
sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. The Arch-
bishop

Is the King's hand and tongue ; and who dare
speak

One syllable against him ?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this
day,—

Sir, I may tell it you, I think,—I have
Incensed the lords o' the council, that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch heretic, a pestilence

That does infect the land : with which they moved
Have broken with the King; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him ; hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board

He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your
servant. [Exeunt GARDINER and Page.

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the KING and the
Duke of SUFFOLK.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night :
My mind 's not on 't ; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not when my fancy 's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who returned her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your high-
ness

Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say' st thou ? Ha !
To pray for her ? What ! is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman ; and that her suffer-
ance made

Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady !

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir !

K. Hen. 'T is midnight, Charles :
Prythee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone ;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[Exit SUFFOLK.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows ?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha ! Canterbury ?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'T is true : where is he, Denny ?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us. [Exit DENNY.

Lov. [Aside.] This is about that which the
Bishop spake :

I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY with CRANMER.

K. Hen.

Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—

[*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*

Cran. I am fearful:—wherefore frowns he thus?
'T is his aspect of terror: all's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to
know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-
sidered,

Have moved us and our Council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower : you a brother
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder ; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury :
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up :
Prythee, let's walk. Now, by my halidom,
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I looked
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard
you,

Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :

If they shall fail, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh
not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole
world ?

Your enemies
Are many, and not small ; their practices
Must bear the same proportion : and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you ? such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjured witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here He lived
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to :
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your Majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me !

K. Hen. Be of good cheer ;

They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning, see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring .
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man
weeps :
He 's honest, on mine honour. God's blest
mother !
I swear, he is true-hearted ; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [Exit CRANMER.
—He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an Old Lady.

Gent. [Within.] Come back : what mean you ?
Old L. I 'll not come back ; the tidings that I
bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good
angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person

Under their blessed wings !

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen delivered ?
Say, ay ; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege ;
And of a lovely boy : the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her !—'t is a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger : 't is as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell !

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov.

Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to
the Queen. [Exit.

Old L. An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll
ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him ?
I will have more, or else unsay 't ; and now,
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Lobby before the Council-chamber.

Enter CRANMER. Servants, Door-keeper, &c., attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late ; and yet the gentleman

That was sent to me from the Council prayed me
To make great haste. All fast ? what means this ?

Ho !

Who waits there ?—Sure, you know me ?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord ;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why ?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be
called for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily : the King
Shall understand it presently. [Exit.

Cran. [Aside.] 'T is Butts,
The King's physician. As he passed along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.

'Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace ! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,—
God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice,—
To quench mine honour : they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING and BUTTS, at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts ?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it ?

Butts. There, my lord :

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha ! 'T is he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another ?

'T is well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them—
At least good manners—as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close ;
We shall hear more anon.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Council-chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side, CROMWELL at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master Secretary :
Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there ?

D. *Keep.* Without, my noble lords ?

Gar. Yes.

D. *Keep.* My lord Archbishop ;
And has done half an hour, to know your
pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. *Keep.* Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the council-table.

Chan. My good lord Archbishop, I am very
sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty : but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels : out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemeaned yourself, and not a little,
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your
chaplains,—

For so we are informed,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,
And, not reformed, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them
gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
spur them

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic : and what follows then ?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state ; as, of late days, our neighbours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress

Both of my life and office, I have laboured,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever to do well : nor is there living—
I speak it with a single heart, my lords—
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.

'Pray Heaven, the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it ! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships

That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,

That cannot be : you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness'
pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower ;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank
you ;

You are always my good friend : if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end :
'T is my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition ;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary ;
That's the plain truth : your painted gloss dis-
covers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp : men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been : 't is a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy : you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest ;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord :—it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner,
There to remain till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely trouble-
some.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords:
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Chan. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.

Suf. 'T is the right ring, by Heaven ! I told
ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vexed ?

Chan. 'T is now too certain :
How much more is his life in value with him !
'Would I were fairly out on 't !

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now, have at ye !

*Enter the KING, frowning on them ; he takes his
seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to Heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

[*To CRANMER.*] Good man, sit down. Now let me
see the proudest,

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some under-
standing

And wisdom of my Council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?

Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye Power, as he was a Councillor to try him, Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see, More out of malice than integrity, Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan.

Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed Concerning his imprisonment, was rather— If there be faith in men—meant for his trial And fair purgation to the world, than malice, I'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him; Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it. I will say thus much for him,—if a prince May be beholding to a subject, I Am, for his love and service, so to him. Make me no more ado, but all embrace him: Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My Lord of Canterbury, I have a suit which you must not deny me; That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism, You must be god-father, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may
glory

In such an honour : how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your
spoons. You shall have

Two noble partners with you ; the old Duchess of
Norfolk

And Lady Marquess Dorset : will these please you ?
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy
true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, ' Do my Lord of Canterbury
bury .

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'—
Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain :
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals.
Do you take the Court for Paris-garden ? Ye rude
slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master Porter, I belong to the
larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you
rogue !—Is this a place to roar in ?—Fetch me a
dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones : these are
but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads :
you must be seeing christenings ? Do you look for
ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient : 't is as much im-
possible,

Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning ; which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hanged ?

Man. Alas, I know not ; how gets the tide in ?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—

You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Col-
brand,

To mow them down before me ; but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again ;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter ?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master
puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do ?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down
oy the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ?
or have we some strange Indian with the great
tool come to Court, the women so besiege us ? Bless
me, what a fry of fornication is at door ! On my
Christian conscience, this one christening will beget
a thousand ; here will be father, god-father, and all
together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There
is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a
brazier by his face, for o' my conscience, twenty of
the dog-days now reign in's nose : all that stand

about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me : he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out: Clubs! when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good my place ; at length they came to the broom-staff to me : I defied 'em still ; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work : the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadle's that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !
They grow still, too ; from all parts they are
coming,

As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these
porters,

These lazy knaves ?—Ye have made a fine hand,
fellows :

There is a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall
have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour,
We are but men ; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done :
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. Ye are lazy knaves ;
And here ye lie, baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark ! the trumpets
sound ;

They 're come already from the christening.

Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find

A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two
months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail
I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff; Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other god-mother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace and
the good Queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray :
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye !

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord Archbishop ;
What is her name ?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[The KING kisses the Child.]

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect
thee !

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too
prodigal.

I thank ye heartily : so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant,—Heaven still move about her !—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : Truth shall nurse
her ;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be loved, and feared : her own shall bless
her ;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows
with her :

In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir

As great in admiration as herself :
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness,
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fixed. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :
Wherever the bright sun of Heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's
children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more ! but she must die—
She must, the saints must have her ;—yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord Archbishop,

Thou hast made me now a man : never, before
This happy child, did I get anything.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding :
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way,
lords :

Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
'Has business at his house, for all shall stay :
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frightened with our trumpets ; so, 't is
clear,

They 'll say, 't is naught : others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry,—‘ That 's witty ! ’

Which we have not done neither ; that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we showed 'em. If they smile,
And say, 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

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Shakespeare, William
King Henry VIII

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